

## take one, call it even; take two, call me selfish

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32129569) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32129569>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Oh My God</a> , <a href="#">Double Penetration</a> , <a href="#">Threesome</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Consent</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">degradation</a> , <a href="#">both of those are like subtle</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Double Anal Penetration</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rough Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Face-Fucking</a> , <a href="#">Throat Fucking</a> , <a href="#">Creampie</a> , <a href="#">Lots of Cum</a> , <a href="#">Spitroasting</a> , <a href="#">Ass to Mouth</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">for just a moment</a> , <a href="#">Bruises</a> , <a href="#">Biting</a> , <a href="#">Hickies</a> , <a href="#">Alcohol</a> , <a href="#">nothing happens while they're drunk</a> , <a href="#">Size Kink</a> , <a href="#">Size Difference</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Resolved Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Threesome - M/M/M</a> , <a href="#">Hair-pulling</a> , <a href="#">Blacking out from pleasure</a> , <a href="#">Overstimulation</a> , <a href="#">Multiple Orgasms</a> , <a href="#">Pain</a> , <a href="#">Painful Sex</a> , <a href="#">Crying</a> , <a href="#">Drooling</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">I think that's it</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">no beta!</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-23 Words: 10048

## take one, call it even; take two, call me selfish

by [qkittie](#)

### Summary

“Yeah, well,” he starts, cocking out his hip dramatically, “I’m still s-sure I could- could t-take both your dicks at once no problem.”

Silence falls across the three of them.

...

OR, George accidentally asks his best friends to DP him, and they do.

### Notes

oh my god I’m sorry lol. I said I was going to post this “in a few days” and yet here we are same day after posting fluff.....

This is honestly written so poorly , but I still wrote it so you get to read it!

kill me

(Please ignore the typos I have no beta )

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

After a certain point, you'd think they'd get tired of repeating themselves like a broken record—but when it came to teasing George, there was never an *enough*.

“I’m really not all that small,” George huffs into his mic, the sound of his keyboard clicking coming muffled behind it, “you guys are seriously going to eat your words when I get there next week.”

Sapnap doesn’t even try to curb the loud cackle that comes tumbling out of him, and George flinches, having to move his headphone away from his ear. Shit nearly busted an eardrum, the asshole.

“As they say, big talk for a small guy,” Dream muses, causing another bout of little shithead giggles from Sap.

“You can both, truly and honestly, go to hell.”

“Ah, you’re only saying that because you can’t reach heaven,” Sapnap coos, and the corner of the screen signals that *georgenotfound has left the game*. His headphones rattle with a bunch of whining and groaning from the other two—‘Aww, come on—‘ ‘We’re kidding!’ — but George just grunts a disapproving ‘uh-uh’.

They both are laughing affectionately, and the brunette can’t help the smile that twitches onto his face. Assholes. “You guys are idiots. I’m going to bed.” They both continue their teasing comments as they bid him a goodnight before their voices go silent with the blip of him exiting the Discord call.

His chest heaves with a sigh, spinning in his chair away from his monitor, and holding his hands up. He looks down from his fingertips, up his wrists, across his arms—then down at his thighs, lifting his shirt to look at his tummy. He wasn’t really all that small, was he? Maybe a little skinny,

but his height wasn't bad. Dream may be taller than him, but Sapnap was really pushing it, only being an inch above him.

Whatever. They were weird for being so obsessed with the idea of him being small anyway. It was brought up almost every time they got really into their jokes.

He had a feeling he'd end up proving them wrong the moment he saw them in the airport, and their bodies were no different against his, their height having no advantage on him at all.

George slips into bed after that little flare of confidence. He was serious.

They were gonna eat their words.

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*So... all that talk about eating words.*

George was really scarfing them down a paragraph at a time right now.

He'd been quaking from his brain to the soles of his feet with excitement as he'd gotten off the plane. His heart was hammering up into his rib cage as he'd waited for his bag to come slowly spinning around, rocking from the tips of his toes back to heels, unable to hold still with all the bees of nervousness buzzing through his veins. Once he'd grabbed it up, and made his way towards the entryway, he was more than taken by shock when he was suddenly lifted to his feet and spun.

He squeals, arms clasping around the broad shoulders holding him tightly, and it doesn't take him long to register who it is— Dream has easily scooped him up into a hug, twirling him with a boisterous laugh. George lets out a happy sound of his own, legs kicking up and his nose nuzzling into the other's shoulder. His feet come gently back to earth as Dream finishes his pirouette, but they don't stop hugging.

It's then that George registers how very overwhelmed he is right now.

He's happy— very much so— but Dream is... big. He's broad, and taller than him to the point that he has to bend to hold him. They part and he doesn't really have much time to gather his thoughts before another body comes crashing into him. It's a little less overbearing than Dream was, it's still like a solid warmth enveloping his whole form— unrelated to the Florida heat that was consuming him slowly. It was Sapnap, nuzzling his nose into George's cheek with little coos of how he was '*So happy that his Gogy was tiny and cute, just like he knew he'd be!*' .

George gives him a squeeze back, but internally, he's having a dilemma. Sapnap's arms around him are much fuller than his own, his chest wider, and the inch of height feeling like a foot in this moment.

He really *is* smaller than them.

Shit.

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George tries not to dwell on the fact that the other two were most definitely right about him— he *was* smaller than them in so many senses beyond his height. But he really can't stop himself when he's reminded every time practically anything happens with the other two.

For example...

Sapnap gives him a switch controller, the thing swallowed up by his hands but once George has it, it likes his hands fits it's tiny size perfectly. It makes him feel flustered, but Sapnap doesn't seem to notice, just starting up their game with a dopey smile.

He doesn't spend too much time on that, despite knowing Sapnap could probably comfortably hold both his hands in one of his own, and just enjoys a game of Mario Kart. They get loud and competitive, but George manages to overtake him in the end and come skating across the finish line for a solid win.

Sapnap lets out a heavy groan, falling into George's side in defeat as he begins to complain about how his controller must've been busted or something. George tunes him out, thinking about how little his arms look up against Sapnap's. Thinks about how he's got a taller, prouder stature (even when he's slumped over on him), and George is sunken into the cushion feeling like he's the size of a mouse. He notices their knees next to each other, how his connect to frail looking thighs, and the other man has a muscle to his that is defined even behind the denim.

George is brought back to reality by a shift in the couch as Sapnap sits himself back up, back straight and face determined as the next race starts, and he can tell he's gone a bit red in the face. Christ, he needed to get his shit together.

George loses that time.

*Then he'd been helping Dream make food that night, the blonde instructing him to grab him a certain spice from the cabinets. He can reach the top shelf, he's really not all *that* short, but it's the depth of the cabinet that catches him unable to grasp it. Of course it had to be all the way at the back. He tilts onto his tiptoes, making a growling sound of determination before he feels a large presence behind him.*

Dream's chest presses into his back, and he reaches to grab the little bottle from its home in the corner of the cupboard. It's brief, and he backs away almost as quickly as he came, making some snarky comments about how he '*thought George was going to make him eat his words about his stature.*'

George can't even react. His brain is fizzling out, spinning around a repeat of the way Dream had felt behind him. He'd practically consumed George whole leaning over him like that. His chest had dwarfed his back, arms caging him in momentarily with their width, and then his height towering over him was... He clears his throat, face lighting up pink, and turns to exit the kitchen with his body still turned *away* from the other.

"Gotta use the restroom," he mutters. Dream only grunts in reply.

Once behind the closed door of the bathroom, George leans against it with his face in his hands. His ears and cheeks are both aflame with embarrassment. The other two don't seem to notice that he's having an internal dilemma. It probably wasn't really anything to them. George was short, skinny— just overall tinier than the other two men. No big deal other than they claimed full continuous teasing rights for being absolutely correct.

However, for George... Every little thing he noticed that was different about their stature's was making his tummy turn and his face heat up. Like he was full of fire, flames ablaze on his every last cell making his heart panic and his palms sweat. He had an idea as to why, but...

He splashes his face with water.

No reason he had to entertain that thought *now* .

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Entertaining that thought *later* , though... that would come to him very involuntarily.

After George's first night, spent mostly by him getting settled in and getting over the mild jet lag he'd experienced (small perks of staying up until odd hours of the night in England), Sapnap insists that their second night is an actual celebration. George looks to Dream in confusion, this announcement coming out of nowhere after a pretty hilarious round of Jackbox.

He disappears into the kitchen, a little bit of clatter and cursing later and he's right back, handle of tequila looking back at them, daunting, from his hands. It looks like it's hardly been touched, and the light smattering of dust let's George know it's been stored away for a while. Sapnap gives it a wipe down, his smile twisting into something evil, "Jackbox drinking games."

Dream falls back into the cushions of the couch with a loud groan, holding his head in his hands, "Nooo... the last time we did that I couldn't get out of my bed for an entire day."

"That just means you did it right! Come on, George, you're down, right?"

George looks to Dream who's still slumped back, and then back up to Sapnap who's still shaking the bottle of honey-colored liquid around with a huge grin. His shoulders raise up in a little shrug, his bottom lip popping out in an expression that reads '*hey, why not?*'. Sapnap whoops, placing the bottle down with a *thunk* on the coffee table before he's back in the kitchen and scavenging for shot glasses.

Dream begrudgingly agrees once he's returned, and all three of them *cheers* their first one, downing it with sour faces all around.

They start up another game, coming up with some kind of bullshit rules as to what constitutes that they take a shot. After only about three shots, though, that dissolves down into them just randomly yelling "*Drink!*!" when something funny happens and everyone knocking back a shot accordingly. It's not long before the game is forgotten.

The Jackbox main menu music plays quietly in the background while the three men have gone red in the face from the alcohol streaming through their blood, and they're slurring at each other as they each fight for their life in silly little arguments they've begun to have. George has *definitely* overdone the booze, he thinks, as he pours up another shot anyway. It spills down the sides of his glass—a clear shot glass with a dog on it that says *Dumb Bitch*—and over his fingers. He whines, quickly downing the burning liquid like it was nothing now that he'd gone numb to it, and then sticking his digits into his mouth.

Dream and Sapnap give him a pointed look, both thwir brows furrowed in a way he can't understand. He fingers falls from his mouth with a *pop*, and he grumbles, "What?"

"It's just—" Dream starts, his arm swooping down to grasp the handle of the Altos, bringing it to his lips for a swig without a care anymore, "you're s- *soo* ... little. You can just..." he gestures vaguely up and down George's frame, "I dunno. Your, your hand can almost, like, f-fit in your mouth. It's so, s—" A hiccup, then he drawls, " *smaaall*."

Sapnap crosses his arms, nodding very slowly and without any sort of control over how far his head dips forward and backward. God, they were all too drunk to still be drinking right now.

George feels his body go from warm to hot at the comment. He was already red from the tequila, but this just made it worse. He really didn't need this whole '*you're small, we're big*' debacle again right now. He'd spent too much energy thinking about it last night and stopping his hand from inching towards his dick when he did. The fact that the liquor swirling through his gut was taking down his filter, making him short circuit, and also was of course the one booze known to man to make you *horny* -

*Ugh*, his brain was all fucked up.

Maybe that's why he'd said it.

“Yeah, well, maybe I *am* small, but my dick is still bigger than yours, your, uh, yous guyses,” he slurs, but he still comes off confident, puffing out his chest.

Dream and Sapnap give each other a look, glassed over eyes meeting each other before huge grins stretch across their pink cheeks. They fall into each other with their laughter, and George goes stumbling to his feet in annoyance.

“I’m serious! Fuck— fuck you guys!”

“I’m s-sure you are,” Dream wheezes out, wiping a tear, “but I’m still gonna call *no way*.”

“Yeah, dude, I’m pretty... *pretty* sure my dick is longer than your leg,” Sapnap gets out between little giggles.

Dream falls into himself with cackles all over again, nearly dropping the handle of liquor in the process. Sapnap safely snatches it up, knocking it back against his lips, “No kidding, Georgie, I think both our dicks combined would make up your entire height.”

“And then some,” Sapnap spits, wiping the tequila dribble from his chin.

George bristles, clenching his fists at his side. He can’t stand this. It’s making his entire body feel all funny, and his thoughts can’t seem to catch up with how he feels. Not to mention he’s attacked with all this imagery of how *huge* his best friend’s dicks are in comparison to him. He can’t stop himself anymore, he was already in too deep with no rope to pull himself out. He could always blame it on the alcohol later.

“Yeah, well,” he starts, cocking out his hip dramatically, “I’m still s-sure I could- could t-take both your dicks at once no problem.”

Silence falls across the three of them.

The upbeat and childish tune of the Jackbox music is *really* unfitting.

George's eyes widen. "Um— that's not—"

He'd meant it as more of a "*you're both actually really small combined!*" in rebuttal to their comparison. But he guesses the golden aphrodisiac that he'd been downing like a champ for the past hour and a half mixed with his newfound lust for the size difference between the three of them had met in his gut and agreed to take him down.

"Yeah?"

Dream is the one who breaks the silence. His eyes have gone dark, still shiny with the drunkenness coursing through him. They're hooded as he looks up at George. His fingers are twitching against his thigh.

Next to him, Sapnap licks his lips, giving him the same look that he couldn't quite distinguish.

George was *way* too intoxicated for this.

"I think I should sleep now. I'm... very drunk."

They both seem to snap out of it a little, and look down at the now nearly empty handle of liquor. They nod in a quiet agreement, and wish George a goodnight. The brunette turns on his heels, briskly walking to the guest room as he listens to the other two clean up behind him.

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George wakes up the next morning spinning.

His head is pounding, feeling like even his heartbeat is *too fucking loud* right now. He's clamping his eyes shut to will away as much of the sunlight as he possibly can, too scared to roll over and cover his head in fear that it'll trigger his gag reflex. Last night had started so fun, and ended in a huge mistake. He should have stopped about four shots prior to when he did, but oh well. Maybe he deserves to suffer after...

His words come spilling back into his aching head and he almost cries.

Yep, he definitely deserved this.

Somehow, he manages to force himself to doze off a little longer before he's forcibly awoken by the churning in his belly. He stumbles out of bed, hitting the ground with an unceremonious thump and drags himself to the connected bathroom. He heaves whatever his stomach can offer— which is mostly just acidic tequila and bile— and then lays on the tile to cool himself off afterwards.

He lays there, eyes closed with a whole new galaxy swirling behind them and making him more nauseous by the minute, curling further and further in on himself. In between the kaleidoscopes behind his lids, he sees glimpses of last night. Talk of small this, dick that, and.. and—

George vomits again.

There's a gentle knock on the door after he finishes screaming into the toilet, and he wipes his mouth, looking up with teary eyes. "Uh?" Is all he can manage to grunt before the doors comes open.

It's Sapnap, looking absolutely fine— the bastard— holding a water bottle under both arms and some red and white pills in his hand. "Ibuprofen and something for sickness," he chirps, setting it into George's outstretched hand, "and water."

George gulps down the medicine and the water quickly, praying to any and every God above that it'll kick in as soon as humanly possible and somehow cure him. Sapnap helps him up and back into bed, drawing the curtains as tightly as he can so that the sunlight isn't attacking him anymore. George thanks him with a croak.

"No problem," he says, shifting from foot to foot in the doorway. He looks a little awkward. George ignores it selfishly. The younger one continues, "If you start to feel better soon, come join us. We've decided to binge TV for hangover relief today. Lots of water and saltines for snacks," he laughs.

George hums in reply before rolling over, "If I don't die in the next few hours, I would love to try and eat something."

Sapnap chuckles again, softly closing to the door and leaving him alone to sleep.

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He's out within minutes as the medication takes hold of him.

George wants to get up, wants to go watch movies with his best friends and make stupidly inappropriate comments about the actors, and laugh until he can't breathe. He *really* wants to.

But the idea of having to face them. Having to look at them after standing up in front of them and saying he could... *take both of them* was just- It was just too much. Especially when he couldn't get their faces out of his head. Dark eyes, hooded with interest, tongues darting out from lips parted in surprise to wet them as they'd gone dry—

He clenches the sheets between his fingers.

George has got to get over this. They were all drunk, and people say and do stupid shit when they're drunk. Especially in the devil's clutch that is tequila. Surely they'd get that. Or maybe they didn't even remember! Either way, he had to get up and go see them. It was already three in the afternoon and he was just wasting his time he had with them away over stupid drunken rambles.

It would be fine.

George doesn't let himself think about it any longer, or else he'd convince himself to stay hidden away in the blankets until it was time to hop a plane back home. He slinks out from his safe haven, carding his fingers through his hair until it doesn't look like an absolute disaster as he shyly walks out of the room. It feels like it takes him twenty years to walk down the hall, and when he peeks around the corner, the eyes that immediately fall on him make him blush.

“Hey,” he mutters.

The other two men wave at him, gesturing that he come join them.

George shuffles over towards the couch, sitting himself in between the two of them and taking a bit longer than normal to settle into the cushions fully. There's a cartoon playing on the screen, George doesn't know what it is and he doesn't bother asking. Neither Dream or Sapnap seem that interested, anyway.

He can feel how tense the room is. Sapnap isn't fully relaxed on the sofa, instead sitting up with his arms draped over his knees. Dream is shifting a lot in place, seemingly trying with all his might to not brush up against George. It's *painfully* awkward, and he can't help but let the cushions eat him whole as he sinks down in embarrassment.

Of course they remembered. And of course they felt weird around him now.

George wills down the need to punch himself in the forehead. This was stupid. It was Sapnap's idea to get drunk in the first place, why did George have to hold the burden of being the reason things were off today? Fuck that.

"Okay," George sighs out with frustration, standing up from his spot in between the other two and blocking the screen as he turns to face them, "I'm not going to let the rest of my time here be ruined by... by stupid shit I said when I was drunk!"

Dream and Sapnap have both perked up, watching George with an unwavering gaze as he continues his piece. Both of them have a smattering of red across their cheeks, but he doesn't think about it too much.

"*I'm sorry*, okay?" He continues, "Something I said came out... wrong. I didn't mean it that way, and... the last thing I wanted was to make you guys uncomfortable. But please, can we just get that it was because I was plastered and get over it?"

George closes his mouth, crossing his arms across his chest like he's trying to close in on himself and hide away, eyes cast down on his feet. The other two are silent for just long enough to make anxiety bloom like weeds inside of his chest, but before he can speak up, maybe offer to just leave

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"I mean, we accept your apology, but you didn't make us uncomfortable," Sapnap's voice breaks through the cloud of fear looming over George's head, and he snaps his head up.

“Yeah,” Dream says, “I thought that was kind of obvious before you’d left. We thought we made *you* uncomfortable.”

George’s head shoots up, then tilts to the side curiously. “Huh?” Is all he can dumbly manage.

Sapnap and Dream look at each other as if they’re silently communicating something, then both sets of eyes are boring back into George. He feels a chill go up his spine.

“Because we were like... into it?” Dream’s voice goes up at the tail end of his sentence, seeming like he’s the one who’s a little shy now.

It takes George a minute to catch up, but then he processes it.

*Ohhh.*

*Fuck.*

“You guys...” George trails off until his voice is a whisper, pointing at the others. He gets a nod in return, and his face explodes with color. “Oh my god.”

“Sorry!” Sapnap yelps, “It was just like- you know! You’re... and then you... and tequila!”

“I dunno,” Dream says, somehow a lot more nonchalant than the others, “I don’t think it was entirely a blame it on the tequila moment. I, personally, still like the sound of it.”

George and Sapnap both turn to him with saucer eyes and pink cheeks. Then a blush of his own forms, and he sputters, “*What?* It’s just that you’re so— you’re cute! And then you said all that about getting double teamed and- and I’m only a man! And Sapnap agreed— you agreed with me *just* this morning, man!”

Sapnap and Dream then delve into a heated back and forth after that, both seeming to defend their dignities while their ears burned like candles.

“Guys!” George shouts, immediately shutting them both up as they turn to him. They have shame written all over their faces. The brunette thinks it’s rightfully his turn to laugh at them. He slides towards the sofa again, plopping down in between the both of them once more. “Just... stop. You didn’t make *me* uncomfortable either. I have been...” he starts to kick his legs a bit, looking between the two of them and once again observing how they framed his smaller form perfectly. He shivers, “I’ve been thinking about it, too. Since I got here. I think that’s why I said it when my... inhibitions were low.”

The two men are looking at him with an intensity that practically lights sparks up under his skin when he looks at them. He shrinks, twiddling his thumbs.

“So, um,” Sapnap starts, eyes darting from George to Dream in a rapid succession, before landing on the brunette. “Does that mean we can.... do.... *that*?”

“Um,” George looks to Dream, who shrugs, and then he drops his face into his hands shamefully, “I think... maybe I would like that.”

“Cool,” Sapnap says, falling back into the couch with a dopey look in his eyes, then he shoots back up, “so when?”

“Maybe when we’ve all fully recovered from a hangover,” Dream suggests, and George agrees.

“Yeah, uh, I need time to process this, I think. And also let my stomach settle.” George mumbles, and they all share a little chortle.

“Cool,” Sapnap repeats himself, once again settling back, “so tomorrow night.”

George slaps him on the arm, and Dream laughs.

---

The next day is normal again.

Well... for the most part.

There are a few touches here and there that linger a little longer than necessary. Some comments that have a little more heat behind them than they normally would. Gazes lock more intensely than they used to, and have a hard time breaking.

It's driving George insane.

He's trying not to seem desperate, but *fuck*, he really is just that. He doesn't want to just straight up ask '*hey, so when are we fucking?*' because then it will be very apparent how needy he is. But his skin crawls with every little brush of attention he gets from the other two men, and he's seriously about to erupt.

They make dinner together, and then each have a shower, and once they've returned one by one to the living room, a movie is put on. Dream is more focused on his phone than the TV, and Sapnap's gaze is unfocused as he stares ahead at the screen. George is settled in between them once again with his legs curled up under himself, his heart beating up against his ribs nervously.

He was waiting on *them* now. Everything seemed good to go. They'd done everything they'd wanted to today, had dinner, we're all clean—and George had even taken extra time taking care of himself to make sure he was *fully* prepared. He'd almost begun to think they'd forgotten, but as soon as he finally opens his mouth to say something, he's cut off.

“Are we really gonna watch this boring ass movie or are we gonna have that rocking threesome we talked about last night?” Sapnap suddenly says, “Because I made sure I was squeakier-than-a-rubber-duck *clean* this time and I’d really—“

“Sh, stop,” George says, pressing his finger to Sapnap's lips, “I was just waiting for the okay.” And then he replaces the finger with his own mouth.

Sapnap's hands hover at George's sides for a moment, and then they fall into the curves easily and pull him in.

“Hey! Uh-uh,” Dream chides, jumping to his feet and grabbing them both by a wrist, “I didn’t wait forty-eight hours to watch you two dry hump, let’s go. My room has the biggest bed.”

The three of them stumble together into the blonde's bedroom. It's dark and cool, the only light coming from the small part in the curtains. Dream sits on the edge of his bed, and pats his thigh. George flushes, starting towards him, and when he's about to straddle the man, he spins him around so he settles into his lap.

Dream's hands climb up and under George's shirt immediately, exposing his chest to the chilly air of his room before chucking the shirt off and away. His mouth latches onto his neck, and George lets out a little moan, which urges Sapnap to come forward quickly. His hands begin to trail up and down the brunette's exposed abdomen, pinching his pert nipples in between his fingers

"Ah!" George gasps, hips rutting forward. This was moving pleasantly faster than he'd expected, but maybe that was because they were all pent up. Sapnap licks his lips, and then comes crashing forward to press open mouth kisses all over his chest. He nips in between the kisses, leaving little pink marks all over the otherwise unblemished skin. Meanwhile, Dream is sucking much darker, larger spots into the sensitive skin of his neck.

George is already overwhelmed, mewling loudly and arching his back into Sapnap, head tilting back onto Dream's shoulder. This is what he'd been dreaming of—being sandwiched between these two while they went to town on him, easily overtaking his lithe form. Dream's big hands dance up and down his sides, and Sapnap's equally large ones are doing the same across his chest.

George's eyes snap open, unsure of when he'd even closed them, as he feels the waistband of his pajama pants being toyed with. He looks down to see Sapnap tugging at the elastic, and then his heart jumps when he looks at the other man's face. His eyelids are droopy, lust written across his face. George can see, from where he's kneeling between his and Dream's legs, that his dick is pressing up against his sweatpants already. There's a small, dark stain beginning to form there. It makes George swallow hard, his throat suddenly dry.

"Can I?" Sapnap mutters hotly against the cold air, and all it takes is one nod before he's maneuvering George's hips around to all but tear his pants from his body. The brunette's knees buckle, a little embarrassed to be the only one nude so far, but Dream's knee knocks his legs open quickly.

"Don't hide, baby, we've only just started," he says against George's ear, and it shoots straight down to his cock, now aching and exposed against his belly.

"There's no need to cover up," Sapnap purrs, scooting closer and closer until he puffs a breath across George's cock. The man whines, head falling back against Dream once again. "You look so pretty right now, it would be a shame," and then he licks a long, flat tongued stripe up from the

base to the tip of the brunette's weepy cock. His hands press into George's thighs, holding them apart as they shake, and his tongue continues to drag all over his dick.

George can feel as Dream is watching over his shoulder with panting breaths, and he's slowly but surely turning more and more into a boneless mess over the whole situation. Dream's arms are wound around his middle, holding him upright in his lap, while Sapnap is pressing bruises into his thighs, mouthing at his cock with vigor. It's already too much, so he can't even stop himself from shouting when his cock is fully engulfed into the warmth of Sapnap's mouth.

George is wriggling around, his hips trying to buck into the heat around his dick, and he can't stop the embarrassing mess of noises spilling from him. He can feel Dream's own erection pressing into his ass as he squirms, and everything is becoming almost overstimulating. He's never been so turned on in his whole fucking life.

George's hands tangle into the soft hair between his legs, trying so hard not to tug as Sapnap sucks the life out of him- no pun intended.

They don't get to stay there long, though, as Dream takes his wrists into his hands and pulls his arms behind his back. "No need to touch, just feel."

Sapnap swallows him down to the base of his dick easily, sliding back up to suck at the tips tongue swiping across his slit before he pulls away, "See? You're so small, this is like nothing." He teases, and George's breath hitches.

He chuckles, then sinks back down on his cock easily. His tongue drags up and down the vein along the underside of his dick, and his hand pumps at the base where his mouth isn't continuously reaching as he blows him. Sapnap hums around him, sending the vibrations through his body and tingling up through every nerve ending. George's toes curl into the carpet, "I-I'm going to cum soon if you—"

Sapnap immediately removes himself from George with a lewd, wet sound, and he wipes his mouth, "Can't have that. Not yet."

George's chest heaves with every breath, coming down from where he was teetering so dangerously at the edge, vision swimming. Dream releases him, and moves them both around until George is falling back onto soft bed sheets, looking up at the two now looming over him. He sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, excitement bubbling up from the pits of his stomach all the way into his chest.

He sucks in a breath through his nose as Dream's mouth comes crashing down onto his, and his arm snakes around his waist, pulling his body flush to his own. George lets out a shocked little noise, but instantly his arms loop around Dream's wide shoulders, kissing him back with as much fever as he can muster. Their tongues twine, and their teeth click in their neediness, and George is a moaning mess during it all.

He wants to pull away, and make sure Sapnap is enjoying himself too, but then his answer is answered without even having to ask. Sapnap is taking one of hands from around Dream, and George's gasp is swallowed by the blonde as he feels his palm wrapped around a large, *very* hard cock. He hears Sapnap let out a small sound of relief, and it's very obvious what's going on now. He has no idea when the man had taken his sweatpants off, but oh well. His brain is short circuiting, unsure how he's supposed to focus on the heavy make out session he's enjoying on one hand, and the handjob that's being requested on the other.

George begins to pump his fist, twisting on the way down and it's met immediately by a loud groan, which in turn makes Dream hold him tighter, and kiss him harder. It's making his head turn to mush, and he knows his movements against Sapnap's dick can't be perfect, but he supposes they're doing the job as his pleased moans float up and into his ears.

Dream moves his lips to George's cheek, down the slope of his jaw, and then onto his neck once again. George digs his nail in between the blonde's shoulder blades, hand slowing down on the cock in his hand for a moment—not that it matters, as Sapnap takes control, thrusting up into the stilled fist like it was some sort of fuck toy. That thought makes George shudder.

Dream drops him suddenly to the mattress again, and he loses his grip on Sapnap after as he catches himself on his elbows. He blinks the blur from his eyes, looking up to see Dream shedding himself of his own shorts. He chokes on his own spit as Dream's *very big, very thick* dick slaps up against his lower belly. He turns to Sapnap, as if he wants to gauge his reaction too, but the sight just makes his mouth go dry.

Sapnap isn't lacking either, not that he thought he was from just what he'd felt in his hand, but *fuck*. His dick was only a little shorter than Dream's, but equally as thick, and it looked painfully hard up against his thigh. George is quick to flop himself over onto his stomach, and he scoots up between Sapnap's thighs. It seems to take the man by surprise, but he doesn't get to say much before George is gripping the base of his cock and sucking at the tip. Sapnap's head thuds against the wall behind him, and he grips George's hair with white knuckles at the relief of having stimulation.

George lets out a muffled whimper at the pain that blossoms through his scalp, but just sinks further down onto the dick in his mouth. He begins to bob his head with a steady rhythm, tongue

dipping into the slit, and then up and down the shaft of his dick with every downwards movement. He's swallowing around the head of Sapnap's dick, tasting the salty precum that's coating his mouth, and moaning feverently all the while. He knows he's making Sapnap a mess, and he loves it.

He gets so lost in it that he *almost* forgets he has another person he needs to give attention to, but that person makes sure he doesn't. He feels as Dream's hands grip his hips, tugging so that his knees bend, and George's ass sticks up in the air. He moans in surprise around Sapnap, but doesn't slow down for a moment. He's fully at the mercy of Dream, while he has Sapnap at the mercy of him. It makes him groan.

George's eyes snap open, only to clench back shut when he feels his cheeks spread, and then a tongue swipe over his hole. His body ripples with a shudder, and he has to pull off Sapnap's dick to duck his head and moan. Dream drags his tongue over him again, slower this time, with more purpose, and it makes George buck back against his face.

Dream wastes no more time after that, his tongue pushing in and curling up, making George silently scream against the younger man's thigh. He feels as Sapnap's hand twists in his hair, combing through it gently and muttering sweet praises about how good he is, and how perfect he looks like this. Behind him, Dream is fucking into him with the warm wetness of his tongue faster by the minute, and it's honestly a sensation he didn't know he would love so much.

The blonde pulls away after he's turned George into a limp mess, a long string of spit keeping them connected until he swipes it away with a flick of his tongue. "Mhmm," he hums, pressing his thumb inside of George to take advantage of the saliva around his hole, "such a sweet little ass."

George falls forward a bit at the intrusion, small and soft sounds of pleasure dripping from his mouth, and he feels Sapnap's hands reach up to twist at his nipples some more. The duo stimulation makes him spin, and his fingernails dig into the hips underneath him. Sapnap hisses, returning the pain with a tug of his fingers. "Fuck!" George shrieks, and both the men laugh.

"Come on, baby," Sapnap coos, lifting George by his chin, other hand wrapping around his cock so he can tap it to pretty pink lips, "put your mouth back to work."

George whimpers, opening up immediately and letting Sapnap push him back down on his dick. His hips jerk underneath George's palm, and the sudden movement makes the other gag for a moment until he relaxes his throat and accepts the thrusts.

Dream has moved away from behind him, and he has no idea where he's gone off to, but he can't

really focus on that right now. Sapnap is fucking into his mouth like that's what it was made for, the tip of his dick hitting the back of George's throat with every upwards thrust. George is lax, allowing himself to be used up, spurred on by the stuttering gasps coming from above him, coming more and more frequently the sloppier the thrusts into his mouth get. His hands come up to slide across Sapnap's thighs, caressing them as he moans around his cock to let him know he's loving every moment of this just as much as the other man is.

Then, suddenly and without warning, he feels something cool and slippery pour down the crack of his ass, and he jolts. Sapnap chuckles darkly above him, his thrusts never letting up as Dream plunges two fingers inside of him. They're thick, and long, and the stretch burns so good. He gargles as he tries to help around the dick in his throat, and he feels a sharp tug on his hair as he's pulled off shortly after.

"Gonna cum," Sapnap pants, "need a break. Wanna watch you be pretty."

He pulls George up so that he can lay across his chest, arms snaking down to squeeze his ass as Dream fucks into him with an unwavering force that's sending his whole body rocking. They work in tandem to hold George up and open. "You sucked me up so easily," Dream says, a wicked grin evident in his voice, "so ready to fucked, like a bitch in heat."

George clenches around the fingers inside of him. He didn't know what he liked more, Dream's words that had a bite to them or Sapnap's little praises. It was hot and cold all around him. His mind couldn't keep up with it all.

"Come on, Sap," Dream quips, fingers dragging out slowly before pushing right back in with a third, the same agonizing molasses pace as before, "join me. I don't think this whore can take enough."

Sapnap practically buzzes underneath George, "Okay." George feels a subtle drip of more lube down his backside, then there are suddenly two more fingers pressing inside of him beside Dream's three.

"Oh, god *fuck*," he cries, head falling to Sapnap's shoulder. He feels so *full*. Both of their fingers are bigger than his own, and combined inside of him it's almost painful. But he loves it. The stretch burns deliciously, and they're both twisting and fucking and curling—he doesn't get a break from the feeling.

There's drool pooling down his chin, and he can't close his mouth for a second as his little noises

of arousal keep coming and coming. One of them—he couldn't tell you which anymore—fingers right up into his prostate and his whole form shakes.

"Th- *ahhg—there—uh*," he attempts, and they seem to get the memo, continuing to fuck, rub, and jab into his sweet spot.

His own dick is leaking a sticky stream of precum onto Sapnap's belly, and he can't help it when he starts to rut up against his abdomen for some sort of relief for the ache that's begun to pulse through his impossibly hard cock. The man's voice is in his ear, his little words of how amazing George his spurring him on, nails digging half crescents into his arms.

Dream reaches under George's hips to violently pull his back up from where he'd fallen onto Sapnap, so that his ass returns to the air, "You're making this *hard*," he accentuates his words with a downward thrust of his fingers into George, "all because you're rubbing yourself off like some kind desperate slut? Is this not enough for you?" Another hard fuck, and tears prick George's eyes, "*Five fingers? From two different men?*" Sapnap joins in now, both of them fingering him simultaneously. "So fucking greedy."

George is empty after that, both of them sliding their fingers out from inside of him, moving away and letting him fall in a panting heap to the bed.

"What was it that you had said before, Georgie?" Sapnap asks, and George blinks up at him through wet lashes. "About taking us both at once?"

Both his elbows are taken into large hands, and Dream pulls him up from his boneless pile on the bed. He's leaning up against the wall now, and spins George around so that he's straddling his lap. He feels the hot press of his cock against his inner thigh, and stutters out a breath. Sapnap comes up behind him, his own dick against the small of George's back.

They dwarf him as they both have him encased between them, and he can't stop his body from trembling. He's so fucking turned on right now he doesn't even know what to do with himself.

"I-I said... th-that I could... I could do it," George stutters, watching as a pleased look settles across Dream's face.

"That's what I expected from you," the blonde says, "I knew one cock would never be enough for a slut like you."

He pulls George into a kiss, and there's *nothing* sweet about it. He immediately sucks his bottom lip in, biting down on it possessively and making George keen into his mouth. Their rapid breaths intermingle, and George can feel that Dream is just as desperate as he is. It comes through the kiss, comes through his hardness pressing into his thigh, and he can't seem to find any coherent thought to hold himself grounded other than *I want—need to be fucked right now.*

Sapnap is on him from behind, mouth suckling hickies into the nape of his neck, and bend of his shoulder.

“Please,” George whimpers against the other’s lips, and Dream moves down to nip at his collar, “please, please, please.”

“Please what, baby?” Sapnap mutters against his neck.

“I need you—I need you both so *badly*,” he sobs.

“To?” Dream urges, teeth rolling around an already sore nipple.

“Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me—“ he’s babbling now, hips grinding down to rub himself against Dream.

“Shh, shh,” Sapnap hushes, “we will, right, Dreamie?”

“Of course,” Dream responds, just as sickly sweet as his counterpart.

There's a moment taken where they both move George around so they can slick their dicks up with lube, and then drizzle a little more over George's already shining hole. Just for good measure.

He wonders if they'll seriously both fit. He can't believe his drunken, lust ridden and incoherent words were becoming real right now. He nibbles his bottom lip, then bites down so hard he almost draws blood as he feels Dream guide him downward onto his cock. The man fills him up so nicely, stretching him almost as much as the combination of their fingers had. He can't stop himself from groaning, long and slow as he slides down all the way to the hilt.

George holds onto Dream's face, staring him in the eye as he bottoms out inside of him, panting into each other's faces before melding into another kiss. He feels as he pulls out, and then back in, thrusting in and out of him weakly a few times. Dream's hands are holding his waist so hard he can already feel the bruises, and the gentle movement of his lips is so sweet in contrast. He wonders where the gentleness is coming from, until he realizes.

It's a distraction.

Pressing right up behind Dream's dick comes Sapnap's. He rips away from the blonde's mouth, jaw going slack in a silent scream as he feels the burn of a *whole entire second cock* pushing inside of him. He was definitely underprepared, but the pain is somehow delicious. Dream is kissing his neck, his hand wrapping around George's dick and pumping slowly to help him through the stretch.

He feels *every single inch* until Sapnap is pressed up right behind him. He has both of them inside of him right now. It's making his heart pound so loudly he feels like maybe they could also hear it.

"Holy shit," George squeaks, his voice shaking and breaking, tears streaming down his cheeks. He goes to say something else, but can only manage another pathetic little, "*Holy shit .*"

All three of them moan together, and they sit still for so long that they all begin to ache. Dream is thumbing away the tears on the brunette's face, and Sapnap is muttering sweet nothings into his skin. It's all very gentle compared to the fact that he feels like he's being ripped in half by an entire fucking pole.

But they give him the time he needs until the pain subsides, and he's left with nothing but *need*. "Okay," he grits out, and suddenly Dream is moving his hand up and down his dick again, making him shudder, "okay, please, move."

They both pull out slowly, not in sync at all. The feeling of George tight around them and their cocks rubbing against each other is enough to make it hard to be. And then they thrust back into him with different velocities. Dream is much more desperate, and Sapnap goes in a little gentler. Either way, they begin to fuck him, and it sends George spiraling.

It starts out with them only a little out of harmony, but as they get more into it, they fall completely apart. They're both thrusting up into George at their own separate wills, and it leaves George

without a moment where he doesn't feel *full*. It's fucking incredible, and he is twirling his hips downward to meet every upward push that he can.

They're both grabbing onto every inch of George that they can with a contusing grip for leverage to fuck into him ruthlessly, and it doesn't take many different anglings of their dick to once again find that little bundle of nerves that drives him crazy. He claws at Dream's chest as it's abused by both their cocks, one at a time, never catching a break from the lust clawing its way up his gut.

Finally, the two manage to find each other in the middle. They fuck into George together, making him go from barren to entirely filled up to his brim in seconds. He can feel them, in his lower belly, and it's making his thighs begin to quiver. His brain still can't wrap around this, that both his best friends are buried inside him and using his body like their personal sex doll as they quicken their pace.

George loves it, loves it so much he wonders if he'll ever be able to not have them both ever again, as they rock up into him with a relentless pace. Every stab to his prostate pulls the string inside of him tighter and tighter, and then Sapnap reaches around to begin to jerk his neglected dick in unison with the duo fucking him.

"Oh.. *ohh*," George's head falls against the man behind him's shoulder, pushing up into his fist with all the energy he can muster, as they are both thrusting into him harder now, skin slapping against skin echoing around the room lewdly. It's then, with one more out of tune movement inside of him, one cock at a time taking a turn abusing his sweet spot, and a sloppy hand jerking him off in time, that he cums. His back arches hard, orgasm washing over him so intensely that he can't help the scream that tears from deep within him. His hips twitch furiously, painting Dream's sternum and stomach with his release. Both men continued to fuck him through it, the sensation making him drool all over again. They still after they've milked him of all he can offer, and then both of them slide out of him. The sudden vacant feeling makes George gasp, and he clenches hard around the nothingness.

He wants to ask them what's up, both their cocks still hard and oozing against his body, but he can truly never underestimate their seeming ability to read each other's minds. Sapnap tugs at George's hips, pulling him down Dream's body until his chest hits the bed, and his ass is open to the air once more. He blinks tears from his eyes to come face to dick with Dream, who gives a gentle tug on his hair. George understands immediately, opening up and sinking down to suck him off.

As soon as he's built up his pace, bobbing his head on Dream and making the man groan out his name, he feels Sapnap sink back inside of him. He lets out a strangled noise, and the other man wastes no time going right back to the brutal pace he'd previously picked up as he fucked into George deep.

George falls useless around Dream's dick, but that doesn't really matter as his throat is once again turned into a hole of its own as the blonde thrusts into it. He's being used from both ends now, loving every moment of being an object for his best friend's enjoyment and need for release. He can't stop himself from whining, whimpering, and even startling to cry and the overstimulation is becoming too much by the second. His already spent dick twitches weakly as Sapnap plows into his prostate again, and Dream twists his fingers tautly into his hair and yanks him down onto him again and *again and again*.

Sapnap goes first, falling over George's back and letting out a guttural sound as his cock erupts inside of him. He feels himself pumped with the man's release, the hot liquid dripping down the back of his thighs as Sapnap pulls out and promptly collapses behind him, heaving to catch his breath. George feels another orgasm hit him in that moment, vision going white as his dick desperately tries to give more. Dream stops moving inside of his mouth, pulling him up so that they're looking into each other's eyes again. "How do you want *me* to finish?"

George sniffles, arms snaking around Dream's neck, and pulling him as close as he can, "Inside me. I want to feel you both inside me in a new way," he mumbles, feeling Dream's grip on him tighten before he forces George down onto his dick again. They rock together helplessly, with no sense of rhythm at all as Dream plunges in and out of George, only thing on his mind being his own peak. His arms are wound around George, his forehead pressed to his shoulder as he growls into the purpling skin there. It only takes a handful of thrust for Dream to cum, teeth latching down onto the connector of the brunette's shoulder and neck. George can only muster a broken sound as he feels himself emptied into with another burst of pure *heat*, pain blossoming in his shoulder and lacing up the side of his entire body.

George feels both of their cum inside of him, and it's spilling down and around Dream's dick still inside of him. He feels hot from the inside out, filled up like a balloon with the evidence that he'd made his two best friend's feel *amazing*.

Dream doesn't let him go, head falling down, still holding him with all his strength that he has left as he breathes raggedly against George's chest. "Do you feel it?" He questions, voice like gravel. "You have us both inside of you to the very end, you fucking *whore*."

George's vision goes blank all over again, one more shock of pleasure forcing its way through his system, as he slumps into the wide body in front of him. The sound around him goes flat, turning into a high pitched monotonous tone until there's nothing.

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When George comes to again, the first thing he registers is that he's enveloped in *warmth*. He flexes his fingers against the softness that they're resting against, and he opens his eyes very slowly as his vision dots back into existence. Everything is cloudy as he begins to blink it away, the world around him coming back into focus. He lets out a sound of surprise as a hand smoothes through his hair and down his neck, across his back, then back again. It's so gentle, and he leans further into the comforting force around him.

It takes him a while to fully come back to his senses, but when he does he finally understands that he's lying against Dream's chest while the other holds him in his lap. He's clean, one of Dream's shirts is on him, and he feels *so* sore. But he's content. He loves the gentle treatment he's receiving from the blonde, and he lazily loops his arms around his shoulders.

"Welcome back to the real world," Dream says, and Sapnap pops up from where he was leaning into his side to peer at George with worry in his eyes.

"Ah, Gogyyy, are you okay?" He croons, draping himself across the brunette to hug him from behind.

"I'm fine," George tries, but it comes out all fucked up, his vocal chords wrecked. He touches his throat gently, "Oh, dear God."

"Hey, shush," Dream says, continuing to rub circles into his back after shoving Sapnap off. "Just rest, or else we won't be able to do anything for the rest of your time here."

"Already thinking about sex again before he's even recovered, Dream?" Sapnap says with a disapproving tone.

"Shut the fuck up," he bites back, "I meant like actual stuff. Like going out."

"Are we going to do something like *this* again?" George asks, peering up at the two of them.

Dream and Sapnap share a wide eyed glance, and then they look back to George with the same expression.

“I mean,” Dream starts, “if you want to...?”

George thinks about the discomfort he feels right now. An ache has settled in his hips, little pin pricks of pain all over his body from the bruises of their mouths and their grips. He shivers. He *definitely* does.

“Yeah, I’m down for sure. That was fucking awesome,” Sapnap laughs, and his loud tone is very contrasting to the gentle brush of his finger on George’s face. “Guess you ended up proving us right, though. You really *did* take us both!”

George curls in on himself a little, blushing as he rolls his eyes at the comment, unsure how to handle the affection that was suffocating him right now. He felt so loved by these two, it was unreal. They’d taken care of him so nicely when he’d *legitimately* just been fucked until he blacked out by them. It was something worth getting used to.

“I agree,” he whispers, then nuzzles back into Dream’s neck, “would it also be possible to, um... cuddle? I could use more of a nap then I got...”

Dream’s arms squeeze him, and he feels Sapnap come snuggling into his side where Dream is holding him.

“Of course,” Dream mumbles.

“There’s nothing more I think I’d like right now than a nap,” Sapnap groans out as he stretches his legs.

George smiles, then he’s drifting off again.

Only to snap his eye back open as he hears Dream mutter, “We we’re still right about you being small, though.”

His head shoots up, and he grabs the other's nose with his forefinger and thumb. Dream hisses, hands grasping at George's wrist. "Keep talking," he rasps, "and next time you'll be the one with two cocks in your ass and a fucked throat."

Dream whines, nodding until he's let go. Sapnap laughs, and is shut up quickly by the same look shot his way. George hums, "Good." Then settles again.

"Although," Sapnap says, making both men look his way, "I am not fully opposed to Dream being the one getting dicked next."

George let's out a wheezing sound in the form of a giggle, and Dream thumps his roommate on the forehead. He hisses, holding his palm over the red spot and pouting.

"Oh yeah? And I want it to be *you*," Dream retorts, an evil grin spreading across his face.

"No way!" Sapnap shrieks, "that will literally kill me, I think! N-No offense, George, since you blacked out and all...."

George doesn't say anything, just huffs and turns his head away from him on Dream's chest. The both of them don't even know the half of it.

They argue back and forth, but are so very gentle as to not jostle the brunette too much, which somehow manages to lull George back to sleep.

Neither of them let him go in the whole debacle.

George is *very* happy they decided to have tequila that night.

## End Notes

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